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No. CCXXI.

NCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

THE

MILLER OF NEW JERSEY;

OR,

THE PRISON-HULK,

A Patriotic Drama-Spectacle, in Three Acts.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE BOWERY THEATER, N. Y.

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SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)
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TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE BOWERY THEATER, N. Y.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1858, by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Deposited in Clerks Office So Dist New York March 10. 1859

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1858

Cast of the Characters.—[The Miller of New Jersey.]

Bowery, N. Y., 1856.

General Washington		Mr. G. C. Boniface.
General Mercer		" Mitchell.
General Conway		" Ferdon.
Colonel Reed		" Greer.
Major Sheldon		" Williams.
Captain Boozy, *Sergeant Krowler*,	Hessians,	" Brookes.
		" Hotto.
Colonel Percy		" Oakley.
David Sprout, Commissary of Prisoners		" Rynar.
Doctor Probang		" Stanton.
Saunders, a Drummer		" Bradshaw.
Seth Peabody, the Miller of New Jersey		" G. L. Fox.
Hiram Peabody, his Brother		" J. Dunn.
Oatman, *Corning*, *Wheatley*,	Millers	" Ferguson.
		" Johnson.
		" Bradley.
Colonel Mawhood		" Haviland.
Adjutant to Washington		" Kirkham.
Orderly		" Connelly.
Robert Wilson		" Greene.
Mrs. Peabody		Mrs. Henry.
Pearl Cartwright		Miss Hathaway.
Bridget O'Thrush		" F. Herring.
Judith Wilson		" Denvil.

Continentallers, British and Hessian Soldiers, &c.

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STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE MILLER OF NEW JERSEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Mill.*

Entèr MRS. PEABODY—PEARL *and* BRIDGET O'THRUSH *discovered.*

Bridget. Oh! wirrah! wirrah! Oh! bitther bad cess to the day that iver I thried to mind my fortune by thravelin' here! [*Sings.*

Oh! cruel was my fortune that sint me from my home;
Oh! cruel were my payrents that forced me to roam;
Oh! cruel was my swateheart that broke my heart in two,
And left me for to cry millea murther wirristhrue!
Oh, wirristhrue!

Mrs. Peabody. Hush! Stop that unceasing noise.

Brid. Oh, murther! I can't, mam; if I don't let my feelings have vent, sure they'll choke me like a hard-boiled potaty. It's the nature of me to coax my sorrows away wid a bit of a ditty. [*Sings.*

It was on a fine May morning, in the precious month of June,
That a broken-hearted female was makin' of her moan;
She tore her hands, and she wrung her hair, and most bitterly did cry,
"O'a, Johnny jewel, don't murdher me, or else I'll surely die!"

Mrs. P. Hark! I hear their footsteps. Yes, my boys, my darlings are coming.

Music—Enter, hurriedly, SETH *and* HIRAM PEABODY, *with four others, with accoutrements over their plain clothes.* HIRAM *runs to* PEARL.

Hiram. Don't be alarmed, dearest. There may be no danger, after all; but, by Jove, we have had a small squeak for it.

Mrs. P. What has happened?

Seth. Oh, the old story now, mother; but we have no time to tell it. Overpowered by numbers, we were robbed of our arms, and closely pursued by those miserable mercenaries, the Hessians. I do not think, however, that they saw where we took shelter; but even if

they did, this good bar and your woman's wit must hold them at parley, until we assume our miller's garb.

Hir. Courage, dear Pearl. Remember, one will be at hand who with his life will defend you. [*They go off*—HIRAM *goes down trap.*

Mrs. P. Oh, sad, sad days, when our rest is broken by such Godless villains! Pearl, darling, get to your room, and leave it not on any account.

Pearl. I will, as you desire it; but think not that I lack the courage to protect myself, if need be, from these terrible men.

Mrs. P. Alas! my dear, you know not the fearful risks you run from these heartless ruffians.

Pearl. God bless and protect you, my kind friend and almost mother!

Mrs. P. He will, He will! On His merciful goodness I rely, and accept my great trial without a murmur. [*Noise outside.*] God help us! They are nearing the place! Away, my dearest, at once! [PEARL *exits.*] And, Bridget, be prudent; let them not for an instant suspect that my boys are armed in defense of their country.

Brid. Don't fear for me, mistress; the cutest divil among them can't get a word out of me, for— [*Sings.*

I'm listining to the little bird
That sings so bould and free;
And its blessings on the noble hearts
That fights for liberty.

Voices. [*Outside.*] Open, in the name of the King!

Mrs. P. What are you, that come in this rude way and at this strange time?

Boozy Open, and you'll soon find out what we are.

Mrs. P. One moment, then. [*To* BRIDGET.] See if they are ready. [BRIDGET *goes to door.*

Brid. It's all right, mam.

Boo. If you don't be quick, we'll burn the place down about your ears! [MRS. PEABODY *opens door.*

They all rush in.

Brid. [*Sings*—"*Garryowen.*"]

Oh! of all the employments that's under the sun,
There's none like the heroes that carry the gun;
For they're sure to be gintlemen, every one,
With their row de dow tan ta ra ra ra!
Tan ta ra ra ra row de dow dow dow!
Oh! they're the boys that love a row;
And I wish I was a soger now,
With my row de dow tan ta ra ra!

Sergeant Krowl. Mine Got! but I must bay you for dat nice little zong. [*Goes to kiss* BRIDGET—*she slaps his face.*

Brid. Get out, you hairy-faced Turk! Do you think I take Dutch metal in payment for my music?

Krowl. Donner and blitzen! but you slap more music out mine ears than is bleasant to listen to. But look out; if it's drue what we dinks, I shall bay you off for dis py-and-py.

Boo. Tell us, my good woman, did any of those cursed rebels take shelter here? The cowardly rascals ran away from us like hares.

Brid. Hares will run fast when dogs is afther them.

Boo. What's that?

Brid. Oh, nothin'; I was talkin' to myself.

Boo. Take heed of your insolence; we are apt to punish it in a speedy way.

Brid. So I'm tould. [*Sings.*

For sogers is gintlemen, every one,
With their row de dow tan ta ra ra!

Boo. Well, your song is complimentary, if your speech be not. But, dame, you didn't answer our question.

Mrs. P. Rebels, sir, we do not harbor.

Boo. Come, I'm glad of that. Then, as we have fallen into loyal quarters, let us have something to abate our hunger, for we are a little sharp set.

Brid. A sharp set! Bedad, you may say that.

Boo. Eh?

Brid. [*Sings.*]

For sogers is gintlemen, ivery one,
And their swords is as sharp as a raizher.

Boo. Quick, quick, with some provender! No doubt, you have some spirits in the house, and will—

Mrs. P. You are welcome to our poor fireside, gentlemen; but this cruel war has brought us such ruin, that we can offer you but a poor repast.

Boo. Whatever it is, let us have it at once. Don't oblige us to hunt, or perhaps we might find more than you would like to see discovered.

Mrs. P. I have no fear on that head. Bridget, bring forth whatever my poor household will afford. [BRIDGET *lays table, &c.*

Brid. Sorra much there is, but scrapings and a few bones. The millers have had their dinners, and they're a mortial hungry race of feeders.

Boo. Millers! Is the mill at work, then?

Brid. Listen to the likes of that. Was there iver such a born nateral? It isn't the mill that works, you omadhawn, it's the millers.

Mrs. P. My sons, sir.

Boo. Ho ho! your sons, eh? And pray, madam, on what side of this contest do they call themselves?

Mrs. P. I trust in heaven, upon the side of their country, sir.

Brid. Them's my sentiments, too.

Boo. Then they are rebels?

Mrs. P. I said not that.

Brid. Vittles is ready, such as it is.

Boo. We must inquire into this by-and-by.

[*They seat themselves at table.*

Enter SETH, *disguised as a Yankee.*

Seth. Wall, I swow to gracious! Why, old 'oman, you've got a dinner party. Grandfather Greviosis! if it don't make a hungry Christian's mouth water like all Gennessee to look at sich a tooth-grinding operation! Marciful powder and shot! if I wouldn't like to be a milintary institution to make that kinder enemy fly! How goes it, Cap? [*To* BOOZY.

Boo. Who the devil are you, fellow?

Seth. I ain't no fellow of your'n, anyhow. Wouldn't have the on-decent presumption to classify myself in any museum with that sort of animal. [*Aside to* BRIDGET.] Those guns would be very useful to us, Bridget.

Brid. Whist! not a word! May be they may go off widout being discharged like a sarvant wid a bad character—who knows?

Mrs. P. Is this prudent, Seth?

Seth. Mother, I couldn't bear to leave you unprotected amongst these men: tell them I am your servant—anything!

Boo. What are you muttering about there?

Mrs. P. Merely giving some directions to my servant.

Boo. Oh! he's your servant? A stupid-looking lout he is, I must say. [*Aside to* KROWL.] I have my suspicions about this place. You go, quietly, and search the adjoining rooms.

Krowl. What! widout mine grub!—der deyvil!

Boo. Pshaw! you'll have time enough to eat by-and-by. Don't let them observe you—do you hear?

Krowl. All right, Gap'n. [*Sneaks out.*

Boo. [*To* SETH.] Come here, you lazy-looking hound! Hand me that apple-brandy. Now, madam, I am about to put your loyalty to the test. Fill for your mistress, fellow!

Seth. There ain't no use in doin' that ere, no heow.

[BRIDGET, *meantime, is stealthily handing the muskets, one by one, to* HIRAM, *who just appears above the trap-door.*

Boo. I insist upon her drinking this toast!

Brid. Dhrinkin' toast! Oh, murdher! there's a born fool. Maybe it's dhry toast you'll be wantin' us to drink?

Boo. Silence, fool!

Brid. All right, Gineral, jewel! [*Sings.*

For sogers are gintlemen, ivery one,
And dhrinkin' dhry toast is a wondher!

Boo. You permit your domestics to take great liberties.

Brid. Take liberty! Bedad, if you won't give it to us, what are we to do?

Boo. If you entertain any vain hope that this struggle will end in aught but ruin and confusion, dismiss it from your mind; for, let me

inform you that the valiant Cornwallis means to surprise your miserable burlesque of an army this very night—I carry the information myself! Now, madam, join us in wishing:—Confusion to the Continentals! Keep your seat! [*Forcing her down.*

Mrs. P. You look like men, but you have the hearts of brutes! I will not join you in that wish, come what may!

Seth. If you are not savages, respect those gray hairs!

Boo. Hallo! my Yankee friend! I thought there was some treachery here. [*A scream outside.—All start up.*] To your arms, men!—if they resist, shoot them down! Look to your powder!

Brid. Oh! you want powder, do you? You shall have it. 'Twould be a pity for such elegant chaps not to have their hair dressed in the newest fashion.

[*Flings flour in their faces.*—KROWL *enters, and gets a double dose.*

Boo. To your arms! down with them!

Krowl. Where the devil are they?

Seth. I'll show you! Come on boys!

[*Enter all the* MILLERS *with the guns of the* SOLDIERS *leveled at* BOOZY, *&c.*—SETH *gets the dispatches.*—HIRAM *and* PEARL *embrace.*—MRS. PEABODY *kneels, &c., &c.—Tableau.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Mill.*

Enter HIRAM *and* PEARL.

Hir. Ha! ha! didn't we trap those cursed Hessian hirelings nicely?

Pearl. But you will not harm them, Hiram?

Hir. Not a bit of it; though the scoundrels don't deserve any consideration, we won't hurt a hair of their heads. The boys are busy trussing them like so many gobblers, and Seth and I mean to drive the whole flock before us to the camp, where they will have to give the information they volunteered to us to the General himself. We have a pretty long tramp before us—but never mind that—I think we shall be welcome.

Pearl. Oh! pray, be careful, Hiram, for my sake—for your country's!

Hir. Not forgetting my own!—don't be alarmed, dearest. I look forward with hope and confidence to the successful termination of this glorious struggle—and then, in peace and joyous liberty our hands and hearts will be joined. You know you promised me that precious reward.

Pearl. I did, Hiram; and though I shudder at the peril you must encounter, yet, the thought of the sacred cause that animates you, triumphs over my heart's cowardice, and enables me with tearless eye to say: God speed! [*Embrace and exit.*

Hir. It must, it shall succeed! I have within me the assured faith that my bleeding country will soon throw off its fetters, filling the universe with the renown of its emancipation, and, like its own eagle, cleave with mighty wing the pure, free atmosphere of liberty

SONG.

A song for the eagle bold,
The bird of the mighty wing,
Whose realm so fair,
Is the broad free air—
Hurrah for the bold bird king!
Though the sun blaze high
In the the summer sky,
Yet, never a wink winks he;
Nor droops from its rays,
But returns its gaze—
'Tis the type of Liberty!

A song for the eagle bold:—
For no master owneth he—
As his rest he seeks
On the mountain peaks,
Or roams o'er the stormy sea,
May the patriot pure,
While the world endure,
Evermore triumphant be;
And still firmly stand
By his native land,
And the type of liberty! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Picturesque Gorge near Princeton.—Trees covered with Snow.—Camp-fires Lighted.*

[Officers *grouped around.*—Sentinels *on post.*—*Fires seen in the distance.*—*Stage at back filled with* Men.—General Mercer, Colonel Reed, General Conway, Major Sheldon, *&c., discovered.*

Gen. Mercer. Well, gentlemen, we seem to have reached pretty near the crisis at last.

Conway. Yes, thanks to the Fabian policy of our illustrious General.

Mer. Conway, desist!—for shame! Will you never have philosophy enough to conceal your envy?

Con. Envy!

Mer. Yes, envy! We are all aware of the machinations of yourself and Lee, aided by your adherents in Congress; and for what? because you were disappointed in your ambition to become chief!

Con. Such language to me!

Mer. Aye, to you!—and I tell you, to your teeth, the hero whom you secretly plot against, you would no more dare to bandy words with openly, than you would snatch the cubs from a hungry lioness! Thank heaven on your knees—for his magnanimous heart, which is so full to overflowing with anxiety for his country's redemption—he has no room to house a single thought upon such malignant, secret schemers!

Con. You wrong me, Mercer. I yield to no man in my loyalty to my country, and to him that it has chosen to be its chief.

Mer. Ah! there's where the shoe pinches. Let your loyalty be shown in words as well as deeds. Remember the strait we are now in —our force reduced to under three thousand—with a vast army, heaven knows how near to us at this moment. What would be the result, should it arrive unexpectedly?

Con. A short one—utter annihilation!

Mer. Not so, Conway. Be our position never so desperate—I have abundant faith in his resources, whose profound sagacity, unwearied zeal and wondrous generalship indicate that he is even by the hand of Providence marked out to be the saviour of his country!

[*Drum.*

All. The General!

[*Enter* WASHINGTON.—*All salute.*—WASHINGTON *has pavers in his hand.—He walks up and down uneasily.*

Washington. Gentlemen, I cannot conceal from you—for it is self-evident—that we are in imminent peril. Our small, but brave and noble army, broken down by privation, has almost arrived at the limit of endurance; and at this moment, with its energies paralyzed, and hope almost quenched, the enemy, with fiendish ingenuity, has caused this proclamation, offering pardon and protection to all who may lay down their arms, to be scattered through our ranks; and with profound grief I am compelled to say that there are not wanting those, even in our very councils, who do not disfavor this unmanly and infamous alternative! [*Tears paper.*] If there be one amongst us who even in thought, subscribes to this unworthy offer, let him at once depart, and carry with him the mark of Cain upon his forehead, and be forever pointed at as the traitorous slayer of his country's liberty.

Con. I'll answer with my life, there's no such man amongst us!

Wash. I'm glad to hear *you* say so, General Conway, and in thus offering, with all sincerity, my hand to a brave, honorable soldier, forget forever the slanderous whispers which have reached my ears. I cannot err in supposing that a sense of justice will banish from *his* heart, also, the degrading doubts, and evil thoughts, engendered there by others—whose poor malignity and selfish aim must, in the end, recoil upon themselves—for, while I am actuated by no hope beyond the weal of our beloved land, I wear an armor so invincible, the petty shafts of malice fall upon it hurtless as the summer's rain.

Con. Sir, you have both shamed and conquered me. I do confess that I have listened, but too greedily, to accusations leveled at your fair fame. I cast them from me now, utterly and forever. To doubt the sacredness of your mission, would be to doubt heaven itself!—Henceforward, both with heart and hand, in word and act, I am entirely yours. Pardon but the past, and, as I live, the future shall atone.

Wash. Enough, my friend. All is forgotten but our duty to our country. Has any one ascertained where the enemy lies?

Mer. Not with certainty. The common report is, that they are quartered in New York, and mean to winter there; but the intermediate country is so disaffected to our cause, we cannot rely upon our information.

Wash. Pray heaven the madness which precedes ruin should so infatuate them—it would give us time to re-organize our almost shattered host.

Mer. But should they discover our defenceless position, and advance their army?

Wash. Even then I would not despair. My neck doesn't feel as if it were made for a halter. No, gentlemen—if the God of battles, in the wisdon of his Providence, *should* avert his aid from the cause of humanity, we will make our last stand here—this shall be our Thermopylæ of Freedom, where its Spartan defenders shall achieve immortality, even through the medium of defeat and death!

[*Gun heard outside.—Alarm drum, &c.—A general movement.*

Sentinel. The Hessians! the Hessians!

Wash. Beat to arms!—a surprise! Prudence and courage!—at least, let us sell our lives dearly! [*Loud laughter outside.*] The surprise does not seem to be a harmful one. Now, Orderly!

Enter ORDERLY.

Orderly. Prisoners, General.

Wash. What prisoners?

Orderly. Hessians, General.

Wash. By whom captured?

Orderly. Can't see any one, General.

Enter HESSIANS, *driven by* SETH *and* HIRAM.—*Great laughter among the* SOLDIERS.

Wash. What means this tumult in the camp?

Seth. I beg a million of pardons, your excellency, for my intrusion, but as you might be a little straightened for provisions, I thought I'd make you a present of this drove of Hessian ducks.

Wash. Have you brought in these prisoners?

Seth. Hiram and I, General, persuaded them to pay you a visit. You see, they're not very polite, for the excellent reason that it would be slightly inconvenient for them to take off their hats.

Wash. And who may you be, friend, to whom we are so much indebted?

Seth. Well, General, I'm an imported mongrel breed—half and half Vermonter and Massachusetts, and whole Jersey man—a miller by trade, an American by heart, and a sort of land privateer, bush-fighting, outside-independent-military institution by inclination.

Wash. And you? [*To* HIRAM.

Hir. I'm the second volume of the same book, General. The author of both, our revered, gray-headed mother, received unmanly insult from these hireling ruffians, and we thought it best to put it out of their power to continue in such practices.

Wash. You are a pair of brave fellows; and if you choose to enroll yourselves in our army, I shall take care to place you high in my military family.

Seth. I thank you, General, but fighting is only the ornamental part of my life-duty; I must stick to the useful as well, and can't neglect the mill no how—much obliged to you all the same. Here's Hiram—now, I know he has a sort of hankering after glory in the reg'lar way—hain't got no need to be vaccinated—takes it natural like.

Wash. [*To* HIRAM.] What say you? will you accept a commission from my hands?

Hir. It is the dearest wish of my heart, General.

Wash. It shall be made out instantly.

Seth. Here are a few little items we discovered, General, amongst the papers of these Hessian gentlemen. Who knows but something important may be there.

Wash. [*Perusing papers.*] Important indeed! The service is of more moment than you are aware of—the delay of an hour would have been fatal to our very existence! Gentlemen, you may thank these worthy fellows that you are forewarned of your danger. The enemy is almost at hand, but in what force I cannot tell; at all events, it would be madness to await his coming. We must make a bold effort, and intrench ourselves on the opposite shore of the Delaware. At this season of the year, with the broken ice filling the channel, it will be almost as dangerous as the chances of a battle, but with a firm reliance upon the assistance of Providence, we shall make the attempt. Mercer, give orders to prepare to cross the river at once. Could we but ascertain the strength of the enemy!

Hir. General, if you will entrust the enterprise to me, I shall procure the information you desire, or accept the risk of failure.

Seth. I'm glad you volunteered, Hiram. The military part of me was just beginning to bubble—it was only by thinking furiously of mother, and the mill, that I kept it from boiling over.

Wash. Thanks, my brave young friend! Here is your commission as a captain in your country's army. Should you return in safety from your perilous task, you will have advanced a step. Now, gentlemen, prepare to cross the Delaware, but silently.

[SETH *collects his drove.*

Seth. [*To* ORDERLY.] Take care of my ducks, and don't let them get into mischief.

Wash. Your hands, both, friends and brothers in the righteous cause. Oh! may such patriot fire animate all our youth, and ere long the golden sunlight of true freedom will burst upon a liberated world!

[SETH *and* HIRAM *take leave of* WASHINGTON.—*The march is taken up.*—*All go off.*

SCENE IV.—*Somewhere in New Jersey.*

Enter Boozy, *running, and out of breath.*

Boo. Ha! ha! I've given those cursed Yankees the slip this time; but the confounded sand-hill of a country is all alike—there's no find-find a land-mark to work our way by. [Bridget *sings outside.*] By all that's lucky, it's that mill woman who so tricked us all! She shan't escape now. Hark! what's that? I thought I heard some one moving stealthily through the brush-wood. Oh, Lord! I'm caught!—I'm a dead Hessian!

[*Throws himself on his knees.—Enter* Krowler, *stealthily, back towards* Boozy.—*As they come together,* Krowler *drops on his knees.—They have their backs to each other.*

There's no use trying to run away.

Krowl. I know it—mercy!

Boo. That voice!—Krowler!

Krowl. Captain Boozy! [*They embrace.*]

Boo. Why, you cowardly rascal, is it you?

Krowl. Yes, here, Captain—ain't you glad?

Boo. Well, to say the truth, I'm not sorry; but see, fortune has sent us a fine revenge. Look who's coming this way—a nice little companion for us, and a guide, too. [*They retire behind tree.*

Enter Bridget.

Brid. I think I hear the distant hum of the camp—I'll soon be there now, and will be able to relieve my dear missus' anxiety about her sons—yes, and mine, too—for I have a little secret here, that's nothing to nobody. [*Sings.*

I love somebody, that I do—
I love somebody, loyal and true,
And I'll tell you a secret between me and you,
It's nothing to nobody, who——

[Boozy *and* Krowler *advance on each side.*

Boo. Stop a little, my wild singing-bird!

Brid. It's that murdherin' nix-come-rouser again!—the bird must fly! [*Stayed by* Krowler.

Krowl. Not a bit of it; we'll soon find a cage for you.

[*They seize* Bridget, *who screams for help.*

Boo. There's no use in tiring your pretty little throat. Come, we must have one kiss a piece, and then you'll have to show us the road through this cursed place.

Brid. Is it kiss the likes of you? Hould aisy a thrifle—if you're any sort of Christians at all, fight fair—promise not to help one another, and I'll bet you a fippenny bit—and that's about the value of your pair of chicken-hearted sowls—I'll leather yez both, one down, and the other come on.

Boo. No, no—we're not mad fools! We've got you safe, and we will have one smack a piece.

Enter SETH *with his flail, and accommodates them accordingly.*

Seth. There it is for you, you cowardly rascals, and one or two more to keep you from longing.

Brid. Oh my, good luck to you, master jewel, how do you like the taste, eh?

Seth. Truss them up, Bridget; what, you thought you could sneak off again, did you? My eye was on you, you miserable hounds!

[BRIDGET *ties them together.*

Seth. March, you brace of gaudlers. I'll bring up the rear with this little musical instrument, and if you don't keep the goose step, I'll make it ring such a tune about your heads, that you'll never be able to get the song out of your ears.

[BOOZEY *and* KROWL *marched off.*

SCENE V.—*Tableau of* WASHINGTON *crossing the Delaware.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Between Decks of the Prison-Hulk.*

A MAN *lashed to gratings, his back to audience*—BOATSWAIN *by him, with cat.* SOLDIERS *with guns pointed towards group of prisoners.* MRS. WILSON *held by two* SOLDIERS.

Prisoners. Shame! shame!

Sprout. Silence, ye rebel vagabonds! By heaven, I have sworn that he shall receive his full punishment. Lay on, Drummer.

Mrs. Wilson. [*Shrieks.*] Mercy! mercy! Oh! kill me instead.

Sprout. Go on, sir, or I shall make you take his place.

Doctor. Hold! The man has endured as much as human nature can sustain, bravely and without a groan; I will not answer for the result, should you continue.

Mrs. W. And it is for my sake he has been thus silent! His heart will break, and mine—but, O God of mercy, let it come first!

Sprout. The sentence must be executed.

Drummer. Then it will have to be done by some one else. I wouldn't lay another lash on him to be made a General.

Sprout. Do you mutiny, sirrah?

Drum. I don't care what you call it; but I won't do it.

Sprout. Oh ho! you have turned rebel, have you?

Drum. No, no; I remain what I always was and you never can be.

Sprout. Indeed! And what is that, pray?

Drum. A man! I have done my duty—do yours

Sprout. I shall; and that will be to make you take his place and the remnant of his punishment.

Drum. With all my heart. [*Prepares to strip.*

Doc. No, no, this cannot be; see, as I expected, the poor creature has fainted.

[Mrs. Wilson *breaks from the* Soldiers *and rushes towards him.*

Mrs. W. [*To* Sprout.] Cruel and inhuman wretch! There will yet come a day of punishment of this great outrage, the crowning villainy of your black career! Let the consciousness haunt you night and day, like an ever-present specter, that you are doomed, vile, cowardly dog!—No! let me not degrade the nobler brute! Demon! I shall yet hiss in your ear the sentence of avenging justice! Oh! there's a retribution to come, for which alone I live! Expect it, man of infamy, and may the thought rankle in your vile heart, and fill each hour with terrible anticipation till the time arrive—for it shall come, as surely as I speak the word!

Sprout. Begone! I heed not thy raving. Do thy worst!

Mrs. W. Remember!

[*Exit, with* Wilson. *Murmurs of* "Shame! shame!"

Orderly. [*From above.*] Look out there, below! Another cabin passenger!

Hiram Peabody *is forced down the ladder.*

Sprout. [*Taking paper from* Orderly.] Another suspected spy, eh? Just in time to see the pleasant tickling that's in store for his back.

Hir. You dare not visit me with such an indignity. I am a prisoner of war—an officer in the Continental army—and claim to be treated with at least humanity.

Sprout. An officer, you rebel hound! Let me see your commission.

Hir. It is here. [*Giving commission.*

Sprout. I don't believe a word of it. At all events, I'll take the liberty of canceling the pleasant document. [*Tears commission.*] No commission can be issued by rebel Generals and renegade traitors.

Hir. Cowardly ruffian! Were my hands free, I'd choke the lie within your miserable throat, although it would be a pity to cheat the gallows of its just due.

Sprout. Ah! we'll soon find a way to lower your note, my young game-cock. String him up! [*Music*—Hiram *is seized by* Soldiers, *and forced to grating—he is bound.*] Now, you mutinous scoundrel, I'll try your misplaced humanity. He shall have a dozen more, [*to* Drummer,] and if you falter or save him a single lash, be assured you shall take his place.

Drum. Well, I'd rather do it than continue to aid in this disgusting cruelty. Down with him; my back's broader than his.

Doc. Are you mad? He'll surely keep his word.

Drum. Let him kill me, if he will; let him glut his vile appetite for blood—perhaps the human tiger will get enough then to surfeit him! [BRIDGET *heard singing outside.*

Doc. Hold! here's our merry little market-woman. At least delay your purpose until she is gone.

Sprout. Very well; but mind, I'm determined to punish both. Discipline must be obeyed.

BRIDGET *descends ladder, with a large basket of provisions.* PRISONERS *cheer her.*

Sprout. Silence there!

Brid. [*To* SPROUT.] Here I am, your riverence, come to do my bit of marketin'. What can I sell your honor to-day? Some nice fried eggs, just from the cow, and here's milk as swate as a nosegay.

[*Sings.*

It is down in the town of Kilkenny
That money can buy what you plaze,
And the merchant that hasn't got any
It's no matter how much that he pays.

It is there you'll see fire widout smokin',
For a penny you'll buy fifty eggs,
It is there you'll see fun widout jokin',
And Welsh rabbits widout any legs.

[*She distributes things among the* PRISONERS, *in the meantime cutting their cords—sees* HIRAM.

Oh! may I niver ate a pitaty if these murtherin' Philistians haven't got the masther in their clutches! Kape aisy, sir, and I'll make a bowld offer to free you, or my name's not Biddy. [*Cuts his fastenings. Having gone round to all, she approaches* SPROUT.] Look at this now! Bedad, I've sowld all my marketin', and have nothin left for your riverence but the basket—may be you'll be plazed to accept it?

Sprout. No, no, my good woman.

Brid. But I say yes, yes—my bad man and ugly Christian! So here it is!

[*Flings basket over his head.—The* PRISONERS *seize upon the muskets of the* SOLDIERS, *and point them.*—HIRAM *snatches up cat and lays it lustily on* SPROUT, *then runs up ladder with* DRUMMER *and* BRIDGET.—*Tableau.*

SCENE II.—*Room in Mill.*

Enter MRS. PEABODY *and* PEARL.

Mrs. P. A sad foreboding haunts me like a shadow, dear Pearl! The continued absence of my two boys, makes my very heart shiver with apprehension.

Pearl. Take courage. I have no fear for their safety. Oh! it would be too terrible a thought, to dwell upon for a single instant.

Mrs. P. I strive to dismiss it from my mind, but it will come, despite of all my efforts. Ah! you know not the deep devotion of a mother's love, that even in the midst of peace and comfort trembles lest some unlooked for shadow might obscure the present sunlight! What then must it be, when everything around is dark and troublous —the air we breathe is heavily charged with thunder clouds, and none know when or where the bolt may fall!

Pearl. Yet should we not despair. Remember, there is a Power above, whose will directs the lightning's flash, most merciful, and just and good. To Him let us appeal for succor and support in our great tribulation.

Mrs. P. [*Kneels.*] Oh! may He, in His abundant mercy, hearken to a mother's unceasing prayer, that my two darlings may be preserved to me in safety, but above all, with honor!

Hiram. [*Without.*] Mother! dear mother!

Mrs. P. [*Starting up with a scream.*] My prayer is heard!

Enter HIRAM *and* BRIDGET.—*They embrace.*

Brid. I'm the hero! I found him! there he is safe and sound! Make much of him while you can, for I'm afeard the bloodhouds won't let you kape him long.

Mrs. P. My boy! Oh, heaven be thanked! I hold you in my arms once more. You've been in peril?

Hir. I have, mother, but what of that? I'm an officer, commissioned by the hands of the great Washington himself! Who would not peril life for that? but thanks to my preserver, Bridget, I've given them the slip this time.

Brid. Upon my word, it's a purty pickle that you were in, and not easy to preserve after that.

Pearl. How did you fall into their hands?

Hir. Entrusted with a secret mission, which I had all but accomplished, I found myself unexpectedly confronted by a crowd of stragglers—fortunately beyond the limits of the camp, or I would have had a short ride upon the wooden horse—so was compelled to yield myself a prisoner. I had no papers but my commission, therefore they could not convict me of being a spy, though it was strongly suspected; so I was sent to the neighboring pest-house, that infamous abode of death and cruelty—the Prison-Hulk.

Pearl. And how did she manage to get you free?

Brid. Oh, faith, sure I surrounded the blaggards; and while I was pretendin' to sell my marketin', I cut their cords, an' moreover, put a wicker nightcap on ould Sprouts, the murderin' Turk!

Hir. Which enabled me to give the heartless scoundrel a slight instalment of the pain he so delights to inflict on others. I left him some marks of my esteem, that will stingingly remind him of our short acquaintance, for many a day. But what of Seth—has he come home?

Mrs. P. Alas! not yet, and I fear that some calamity has overtaken him.

Hir. Pshaw! not a bit of it; you may depend on it, his military part had some good opportunity to develop itself, and he has discretion enough to keep it from getting him into mischief. But this must be a brief meeting, mother; one embrace, and I shall be away to look for Seth. It would not be prudent to remain, for, no doubt, this humane commissioner will raise heaven and earth to return the compliment I paid him [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III.—*Bivouac of the British army.—Tent at the side.*—Soldiers *seen in groups.*—Col. Mawhood, Col. Percy, *and* Officers *playing at Cards, Dice, &c.*

Mawhood. You are too clever for me, Percy. By Jove! if I go on this way, the estate I mean to win amongst these Continentallers, will be lost before I get it.

Percy. Nay, Fortune is fickle, try again; the end is near now, nothing can preserve these infatuated fools from total destruction. Surrounded as they are on all sides by an army of ten times their strength, well disciplined, and accustomed to warfare.

Maw. Yes, I believe they are almost in our grasp; nothing can prevent their being completely taken by surprise. Confound your luck, say I! Talk of plunder, Percy—by Jove! it requires no enemy, while we have such adepts in our own ranks.

Per. You don't insinuate—

Maw. Oh! not for the world! you are astonishingly lucky, that's all. Hang me, if I don't think you could melt down the military chest.

Per. You flatter me. [*Aside.*] Let him suspect I've got his money.

Maw. [*Calls.*] Saunders! [Orderly *advances.*] Bring another bottle of brandy. We must fortify ourselves, as we have work to do to-night. Are all my orders dispatched?

Adj. All, Colonel.

Maw. The cartridges give out?

Adj. Yes, Colonel.

Maw. Then pass the word to be ready to march, but with the utmost quiet, at 9 o'clock. Till then, don't let a man be seen on the high road. [Adjutant *bows and retires.*

Enter Capt. Boozy, *very drunk.*

Maw. How now, Captain? Even at this time could you not restrain this terrible propensity?

Boo. It's all deuced well for you, Colonel—'scuse me for being so plain spoken—to preach sobriety out of a prayer-book like that. It's no use talking—hic! we've been drinking success to the cause, until I'm afraid I've got a little top heavy.

Maw. For heaven's sake, lie down, and sleep off the effects of your potations, for we shall have sharp work to-night.

Boo. All right, Colonel; I'll be as fresh as a four year old in about twenty minutes—too much loyalty, that's all. [*Lies down.*

Maw. Too much liquor you mean. What a pity some men don't know how to conduct themselves. [*Takes a long drink.*] Well, it *is* animating; now to go the rounds. My cloak, Saunders. Strike the tents, and *above all things quiet*; let him sleep.

[Men *take away tent, leaving* Boozey *asleep on the ground—all go off—Stage empty.*

Enter Seth Peabody, *singing.—A flail on his shoulder.*

Seth. Thanks to my good fortune, I have got thus far on my road home. In a few hours more I shall see the blessed old mill again, and mother and all. By jingo! both my warlike and peaceful halves have had plenty of occupation. I've been pressed into the service on one side, and slid into it naterally on the other. The red-coats hired me to drive a wagon load of provisions they had robbed the poor farmers of, and while we jogged along, my two military companions talked so unchristainly of us, that they innoculated me with a sudden martial attack. It had such an effect upon me, that this flail, in spite of myself, went whistling about their heads so effectually, that indeed I don't think it at all likely they'll ever wag their saucy tongues about us again. [*Going—Stumbles over* Boozey.] Hollo! what's here? A defunct individual, as I'm a peaceable miller! The quiet half of me trembles at the sight, but the other one rather likes the color of his coat. Hush! what's that? I hear the low whispers of men—aye—and in large numbers. Good gracious! have I blundered upon the advance guard? Phoo! my fiery half is blazing! By the trumpet of Mars! I see a lot of red-coats glistening through the patchwood, like lightning bugs on a hot afternoon! I'm a doomed piece of mortality! Ha! I have it—I'll change my shell with this dead oyster here, and trust to chance to get me out of the stew. [*Takes off* Boozey's *Coat, and changes.*] I'll let the false dispatch stay, the other I'll destroy, for fear of consequences. [*Tears up papers.*] I'll get up a quick drunk, that will make my resemblance perfect. Come along, old fellow, you shall play Harry Percy to my Falstaff. Ho! there, sentinel! Tell the Colonel I've caught a spy, a jolly fat one he is, too! Hey! Oh! [*Lugs off* Boozey.

SCENE IV.—*Front wood.—Stage dark.*

Mawhood, Percy *and* Soldiers *enter.*

Maw. You have your directions. Avoid the main road, except when absolutely necessary. An hour's march will bring us to the enemy—where in fancied security and ease, he slumbers, unaware of the destruction that is at hand. [*A disturbance without.*] Confusion! did I not command absolute silence?

Enter Saunders.

Saun. One of our men, Colonel, has captured and killed a spy he found lurking at the outskirts of the camp.

Maw. I'm sorry the fellow is dead. Had he any papers?

Saun. I believe so, Colonel, but here is the soldier with his prize, which he insists upon showing to you. The fact is, sir, the man is a little the worse for liquor.

Enter SETH *with* BOOZEY.

Maw. So, my man, you've had the good luck to shoot a spy?

Seth. Not shoot, Colonel—the scoundrelly rebel vagabond had this flail in his hand, and as he was trying to get away, I took it from him, and tapped his barrel, as you may perceive. He has some documents in his breast which may be of importance.

Maw. Doubtless—let me see them. [SETH *hands paper.*—COLONEL *reads.*] "To General Schuyler." By Jove! this is important. [*To* SETH.] Here is all the gold I have about me, but to-morrow you shall aid in the plunder of those traitors.

Seth. To-morrow, Colonel?

Maw. Yes, to-morrow; go fall in, and be ready to march in an hour from this. Hasn't your Serjeant told you?

Seth. Now I remember he did, Colonel, but my memory is weak without its being mixed with a trifle of rum, and then it gets so strong, I can't well carry it.

Maw. Well, go to your ranks, and get sober enough to attack the enemy.

Seth. All right, Colonel. [*Aside.*] A surprise! I must reach Princeton before them, if I run the breath out of my body.

[*Exit.*

Maw. What a most fortunate discovery; listen, gentlemen. [*Reads paper.*] "We mean to winter here, if possible, but unless reinforcements are sent, or a junction with the northern wing of the army is effected, our situation will be indeed hopeless. The enemy still remains in Philadelphia—" you'll soon be convinced of that mistake, "where it is reported they mean to winter." Ah, ha! Fortune laps them in full security. But it's time to be moving; give the order to prepare. [BOOZEY *groans.*] Ha! the fellow is not dead. So much the better, we'll have the satisfaction of hanging him in the morning!

Boo. What's that—hang me? For what? getting drunk? In that case you'll have to suspend half your army, Colonel.

Maw. Ho there, a light! that voice sounds familiar. Who the devil are you?

Boo. Why, who the devil should I be, but your friend Boozey, tolerably well sobered! Hallo! what's happened to my coat?

Maw. Coat? you fool—you have ruined us, perhaps. [*A gun heard.*] What alarm is that?

Enter SENTINEL.

Sen. A deserter tried to get beyond the lines, but I brought him down.

Maw. Ha! then all's right.

Boo. Can anybody tell me the meaning of this cursed metamorphosis?

Maw. Get out of the way, you drunken idiot. The success of our scheme was nearly destroyed by your imprudence.

Boo. I'm not a chamelion that I know of, or else I might be able to account for it, and—oh Lord! how the back of my head aches! I feel as if I had been beaten almost to death. I wish I was at home, with my legs upon a sofa, drinking brandy and water!

[*Shots fired without.—Drums and great noise distant.*

Maw. What's that? It can't be that—

Enter ADJUTANT, *hastily.*

Now, sir, what is it?

Saun. I'm sorry to say, Colonel, our outposts are attacked by the enemy in full force.

Maw. Sorry, sir! Where were your sentinels? Give up you sword! [SAUNDERS *does so and goes off.*

Boo. Do you want mine, Colonel? I'll fight—don't be afraid—I'll fight! [*Staggers off.*

Maw. Away, fool! Percy, bring up your men, and demolish the bridge across the creek, at all hazards! If we keep the enemy from crossing, all will be well. Cursed fate! A surprise, paid off in our own coin, anticipated, foiled! Oh! I could go mad with rage and disappointment! Beat to arms—at least we'll try their metal to the utmost! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The bridge at Princeton.—A skirmish—Field-pieces used.—The passage of the bridge contested.*—PERCY'S MEN *attempt to break it down—are repulsed.—Rally again and are driven back.—The* CONTINENTALLERS *cross bridge with a cheer, at bayonet point.—General melee.*—COL. MAWHOOD, PERCY *and* BOOZEY *engaged.—The* CONTINENTALLERS *are seized with a panic, and fly back over bridge.*—WASHINGTON *intercepts them.*

Wash. Hold! men, for shame! Is this the way to buy your liberty by flying like dastards from a host of hirelings, animated by no impulse but the price of blood? What momentary weakness is it that has palsied your energies? Think of your homes—your hearths —your mothers, wives and children! But one effort, and victory is certain; and what a victory! the crowning one of all—on which depends your slavery or freedom! Who so base as to hesitate? I have one life to give my country, had I a thousand, I would imperil them all on this contest! If you do not follow, here shall I find my grave, for not one inch more will I retreat!

Voices. On! On! Liberty or Death! [*Cheer.*

Fight renewed.—A Hessian SOLDIER *takes deliberate aim at* WASHINGTON.—SETH *gives him a touch of the flail.*—HIRAM *enters.—Embraces* SETH, *then they go in promiscuously.—At length* COL. MAWHOOD *surrenders.*—BOOZEY *and* SETH *have a comic encounter —change coats again.—General Tableau and Red Fire.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Mill again—interior.*

SPROUT *and his* MYRMIDONS *discovered, with* MRS. PEABODY *and* PEARL *in custody.*

Sprout. Now listen to me. You have heard of the doings on board of yon prison-hulk; you will have an opportunity of sharing in them if you continue obstinate and refuse to tell the hiding-place of that virulent young rebel, your son, and also of that audacious Irish woman, your servant, at whose hands I received so vile an insult. How do you answer?

Mrs. P. As I have always done, sir—like a mother. Had you one spark of manliness, you might have guessed it, without the trouble of inquiring.

Sprout. Those big words will dwindle down, by-and-by. Young lady, do *you* think of the risk you incur by continuing contumacious?

Pearl. The man you seek is my affianced husband—my life is his. Do with me as you please; it will be my glory, as well as duty, to incur danger, even death, on his account.

Sprout. The result be upon your own heads, then! Away with them! [*They are going towards door, when*

BRIDGET *comes from trap door.*

Brid. Hould on a minute, gintlemen. Never be it said that I let anybody stand in my shoes when they're not aisy to wear. Let them go, and take me an' welcome.

Sprout. Ha! ha! I've caught you, have I?

Brid. Faix an' you have, widout looking, too—as the fellow caught the fever and ague, and found it was no great shakes, afther all.

Sprout. I owe you something for your precious marketing, and rest assured I'll pay you to the utmost.

Brid. Bedad, it will be the only debt you iver paid; so it will be a novelty, anyway.

Sprout. Off with them all! A little prison discipline will make their tongues less glib.

Brid. Why, you perjured villain! Won't you let my poor mistress go?

Sprout. Oh yes, she shall go—you can keep each other company. Away with them!

HIRAM *rushes out.*

Hir. Remorseless man! On me wreak all your vengeance; but I implore you to respect my mother's gray hairs and this young girl's innocence.

Sprout. Bravo! My men, we've smoked out all the rats at last It will be a nice family party. Oh! you shall dearly repent, all of you! Away with them on board the ship!

JUDITH WILSON *rushes in, wildly*—SPROUT *recoils.*

Mrs. W. Man of infamy and blood! Well may you shrink from the ruin you have caused! My husband's dying agony calls aloud for vengeance! Think not to evade it—you are doomed!

Sprout. Heed not this mad woman!

Mrs. W. No, no, I am not mad!—that would be oblivion, and oblivion would be mercy! The mad *forget*—but I have a remembrance that can never die! His noble heart, that broke rather than his lips should utter a complaint, was crushed by you! Let my words sink into your coward soul! The day of retribution is at hand, murderous and most inhuman fiend!! [SPROUT'S MEN *go towards her.*

Sprout. Nay, let her rave; words hurt no one. Away with the others! [*All are forced off.*

Mrs. W. [*Solus.*] Oh! why dost thou slumber, powers of justice? When will the measure of their iniquity be full? I'm weary praying for the hour to come. Fain would I give up life, but for that one cherished thought. Let me but avenge his death, then let me sleep! Sleep! Oh! for that long, sweet sleep—sleep that has never visited my eyes since that terrible day! [*Throws herself down on couch.*

Enter SETH.

Seth. Thank heaven, I'm home once more! No one here? All silent! What means this fearful stillness? [*Calls.*] Mother! Pearl! Where are ye? A thrill of terror strikes through my heart, like a bolt of ice! Mother, I say! Some sudden calamity must have overtaken them! All, all gone! Within there!—mother! [*Going into room.*

Mrs. W. [*Rising.*] Is this another broken heart? One more companion in wretchednesss!

Re-enter SETH, *hastily.*

Seth. Not there! [*Sees* JUDITH.] Who are you?

Mrs. W. Dost thou not know me, Seth?

Seth. Merciful heaven! It is Judith Wilson!

Mrs. W. It *was* she; but now I am the avenger.

Seth. What has happened? In mercy, speak! My mother?

Mrs. W. Is in the clutches of the fiend himself, on board yon prison-hulk!

Seth. She lives!—and Pearl? Thank God! They shall be rescued or my life be sacrificed in the endeavor! But you—what has befallen you to cause this fearful change?

Mrs. W. Have you not heard? Oh! it was a carnival of demons—a feast of human vultures! Think of these eyes beholding my soul's treasure scourged to death—ay, to death—and yet not smitten blind; mangled and torn by the merciless lash; and while the hot blood gushed forth from his quivering frame, the miscreants laughed at his

torture and my soul's agony, as though extremest hell had vomited forth its most infernal brood, and sent them here to revel in a banquet of horror! Ah! I see it now! I hear again his piteous moan; it upbraids me for this delay. What have I to do with rest or sleep? Have I not a task to perform? Am I not the avenger of blood?

[*Rushes out.*

Seth. Merciful providence! This is fearful. But I must be up and doing; prompt and decisive action! there's no time for deliberation, scarcely for thought. I must to the camp of the General. No rest, no respite until my sacred duty is accomplished! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—WASHINGTON'S *Headquarters.*

The GENERAL *and his* AID-DE-CAMPS *looking over a chart. Distant drum.*

Wash. Ha! what alarm is that?

Enter ORDERLY.

Orderly. A flag of truce approaches your excellency.

Wash. Let it be received with courtesy. [*Exit* ORDERLY.] Most likely in answer to my request for an interview touching the alleged cruelties practiced on board of the Jersey prison-ships. If a tithe part of the enormities related in petitions to Congress be true, they would make even savages blush to find their atrocities outdone.

ADJUTANT PERCY *is brought on, blindfold—bandage is removed.* WASHINGTON *and his* GENERALS *salute.*

Wash. Adjutant Percy, be seated. I acknowlede the courtesy of the British Commander in sending, upon this most important business, one of the bravest as well as most honorable of his military family.

Per. Illustrious sir, to return your compliment, in equal terms, would be but to wound that well-known modesty which friend and foe concede to be your due.

Wash. A fair exchange, sir, I must confess; but sterner duty demands that we should go to the immediate business of your mission. Has his lordship examined into the truth of the statements made respecting the unwonted cruelties to which the Continental prisoners are exposed on board of the Jersey ships?

Per. He has, your excellency, and is gratified in being able to give them an explicit denial, under the hand of the Commissary himself.

Wash. Ah! sir, I should be inclined to doubt the assertions of an individual who, as head of the responsibility, would have to bear the ignominy of their confirmation.

Per. His lordship has anticipated that contingency, your excellency, by promising a contradiction from the prisoners themselves—a paper signed by them to that effect is to be sent to the camp in a day or two, which shall instantly be forwarded to you.

Wash. That will be entirely satisfactory. War in its lightest shape is a calamity to be deplored: but when to that is superadded insult

and inhumanity to the unfortunate defenceless, the indignation of an outraged world will surely fall upon the perpetrators.

Per. I thank you most sincerely for your courtesy, General, and take my leave with the firm conviction that nothing contrary to the usages of civilized warfare has been permitted.

Enter SETH.

Seth. Hold, sir! one moment, if you please! I have a word or two to say upon that head.

Wash. Ha! my brave friend, is it you? Do you know aught concerning the matter in hand?

Seth. I do, General—enough to make the blood boil in every manly breast! I am fresh from the scene of infamy at this moment; although I acquit this gentleman, and such as he, from any knowledge, much less complicity, with the coward knave who instigates them! Think, sir, of a husband lashed to death in the presence of his wife, now almost a maniac from witnessing the fearful horror! Think of an assassin, foiled in his vengeance upon a son, revenging himself upon an aged mother and affianced bride, torn from their home, and forced to endure the terrors of that loathsome prison!

Per. If such things do exist——

Seth. If they exist! Language has no words to fitly express a faint idea of the villainies there hourly perpetrated! I know it, and will pledge my life upon the truth of my assertions!

Wash. I do not, cannot now doubt the fact. Hark ye, sir! It is not in my nature to make reprisals in such a character—but wanton cruelty demands retaliation. Let your commander know that, for the future, the conduct of his subordinates will be, henceforward, the guide to ours; harshness will be met by harshness, however at variance with our feelings, and—which I truly hope will be the case—the mercy they show, shall be more than paralleled by ours.

Per. I cannot blame you, General—on the contrary, if those accusations be really true—would myself be the first to inflict the punishment they so deservedly merit. Once more I tender you my respects, sir, and say farewell,

[WASHINGTON *and* OFFICERS *salute.*—PERCY *is again blindfolded, and escorted out.—Drums beat.*

Wash. I thank you, sir, for your timely information, and if you have any design toward, will assist it to the utmost.

Seth. I have a sacred duty to perform, General—the rescue of my mother. If you will but condescend to let me lead a company, I think I know a way by which it can be accomplished, and a good work done for the general cause.

Wash. You shall have it; and to no better hands could I entrust so eminent a service. Adjutant, call a roll of volunteers for the purpose.

Seth. Let me promise that it will be one of danger.

[*All the* OFFICERS *and* MEN *rush forward.*

Wash. In that cheerful alacrity and willingness to incur all risks, I see the certainty of our ultimate success. Pick out what men you require, and may the God of justice and humanity bless and protect you in your virtuous endeavor—adieu! [*Tableau.*

SCENE III.—*Front Cabin in Prison-ship.*

Enter SPROUT, DOCTOR, *and others.*

Sprout. I tell you, sir, that we shall be ruined if they do not sign this paper. They won't consent, you say?

Doc. Not a single man of them, whatever be the risk.

Sprout. But if we wink at their escape?

Doc. I did not hint at that. Liberty is sweet—it may have some effect—but will it not be a terrible forgetfulness of our duty?

Sprout. Duty, sir? Duty be damned! Our first duty is to ourselves, and if we be but true to each other, who is to know it?

Doc. Oh! I'm indifferent. Indeed, I frankly own that I would much rather the poor devils had a chance of getting away from this place.

Sprout. It will only be a *ruse.* I shall so arrange it that at the moment they deem themselves secure, they shall be retaken—and then will come my time to take ample revenge.

Doc. Well, you compel me to say, Sprout, that if ever the devil amuses himself by appearing in human form, there will be a pair of club feet found in your boots.

Sprout. You compliment me, Doctor. You ought to know more about his Satanic majesty than I, for you have sent a considerable number of your patients to his dominions. But come, I think we are sure of the rebel scoundrels now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Between decks of Hulk as before.*—PRISONERS *discovered.*—MRS. PEABODY, PEARL, BRIDGET, HIRAM, *&c.*

Brid. Take comfort, mistress darlin'. Sure does'nt the ould song say the clouds are always blackest before the day?

Sings—Air "Boys of Kilkenny."

There's a bright silver lining to every dark cloud,
And the storm will soon pass when the thunder is loud,
For the gloom only lasts 'till the sun breaks away,
And it's always the blackest before the new day.

Enter SPROUT, DOCTOR, *&c.*

Sprout. Stop that hideous noise! Call up all the prisoners, Sergeant!

[*They all assemble.*—SPROUT *takes his place at table*

Doc. [*Aside.*] If I know the hearts of these brave unfortunates, they will despise even freedom at such a price.

Sprout. You have seen this paper, stating that you have been treated with humanity during your captivity here. [PRISONERS *groan.*] Silence! and hear me out. Perhaps I may offer you inducements which will have the effect of causing you to reconsider you resolution of not signing it.

Hir. Nothing upon earth shall induce me to put my name to a forgery and a lie!

All. Bravo!

Sprout Very well, sir. I shall know how to deal with you. The others will be more compliant when they hear the conditions.

Pris. Go on, Sprout, what are they?

Sprout. Such as will make your hearts leap within you! Such as will cause you to bless, instead of curse me!

Brid. That would be a miracle! The cat's got her velvet gloves on. Beware! the claws are sharp yet, though hidden.

Sings "Coffee's Lament."

Oh, the cat's a mighty cunning baste,
As ivery body knows,
And if she's mad or if she's plazed,
Faith no one can suppose.
She wears soft mittens on her paws,
As she purrs about the house,
But won't she show both teeth and claws
If she sees a bird or mouse.

Hir. We all too well know the value of your promises, whatever they are.

Sprout. I have done with you, sir, for the present. These people know their own interest, I hope, sufficiently, not to be influenced by your obstinacy. Now, listen! I presume you would gladly exchange this prison for the chance of seeing your homes once more, and breathing the air of liberty?

Pris. Oh! God knows we would!

Sprout. It is but simply to sign this paper, and you shall all be free to go.

Hir. [*To* PRISONERS.] Be cautious. This is but a plot, a snare. He dare not do it. Even if he did, I, for one, would spurn the boon obtained only by the loss of honor and of self-respect!

Pris. We will not sign it!

Sprout. Have a care! You know not the alternative. This paper must be signed, or I shall cause the guard to fire upon you as you stand!

Mrs. P. Merciful heavens! help us in this our great distress! Hiram—Hiram—my son!

Hir. Mother, you would not have me degrade my manhood by sanctioning this infernal lie?

Mrs. P. No, my brave boy! A thousand times no! Better let us die together with dignity and honor!

Pearl. Nor would I have you, Hiram. It is easy to die for the truth and our dear country!

Hir. Now, villain, do thy worst! The bitterness of death is past! You cannot kill the souls that soon may stand thy accusers before the tribunal which shall mete out justice to the uttermost!

Sprout. [*Enraged.*] This then is your resolve?

All. Yes! yes!

Sprout. On your own heads be it! [*Up ladder.*] Guards! to your arms! The prisoners are in open rebellion! Fire upon them—women and all!

[*A discharge of firearms.—Some fall.*—HIRAM *is wounded and falls into* PEARL'S *arms.—Tableau.*

SCENE V.—*Front scene representing exterior of mill on one side with view of the river.—The Prison-Hulk in the distance.—Dusk.*

SETH *comes from door followed by* MILLERS.

Seth. If good fortune favor us, to-night will see the destruction of yon nest of pestilence! I have a picked company of soldiers on the schooner now anchored yonder. Now, men, courage and determination! Heaven will assist us to revenge the mighty wrongs done to us by those worse than pirates! Away, and as I told you, let each borrow from some female friend, a cloak or any disguise. The wives of the prisoners are admitted on board for another hour. Get into the boat, and when you find the schooner close to the Hulk, then think of the cruelty of these fiends, and let that nerve your arms to strike for the rescue of our friends! Silence and resolution!

[MILLERS *exeunt.*

Enter JUDITH WILSON.

Mrs. W. I know the enterprise you have on hand, Seth Peabody; I must be with you! it is my right! no lips shall ring the death doom into that murderer's ear but mine!

Seth. Nay, 'twill be no place for thee, Judith. Remain within the mill. Think not that he shall escape. Oh! I owe him too much!

Mrs. W. Not so much as I do, Seth. Oh! I entreat—I implore—I demand this favor!—you dare not refuse me!—for am I not appointed? The end is as clear before me as I know I'm looking on the world now—the world of happiness and beauty that he crushed and destroyed! Oh! my soul hungers for the instant of revenge!—It is coming fast—fast! Tremble to your inmost heart, cowardly wretch!—the end is at hand!! If you would not see my racked soul burst with madness—stay me not!

Seth. As thou wilt, my poor crushed flower! The hand of destiny is in it. Come, I will protect you at all hazards! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE LAST.—*The River.—Moonlight.—A large practicable Hulk with Extensive Deck, about Third Grooves.*

A schooner seen making her way down.—Boat, with MILLERS, *disguised, puts off from side.—*SOLDIERS *are patrolling deck.—A* SENTINEL *on the lowest rung of the ship-ladder.—As boat approaches—*

Sentinel. [*Challenges.*] Who goes there ?
Voice. [*From boat.*] Prisoners' wives.
Sen. All right.
Sprout. [*On deck, as schooner nears.*] Hello ! there, you clumsy lubbers !—where are you going ?—are you asleep ?—you'll be foul of us ! [*The* MILLERS *have gagged and put* SENTINEL *in boat.*] Keep off, or we'll fire at you—do you hear ? Guard, shoot that fellow at the tiller ! If he don't change his course, fire, I say !

[*The* MILLERS *throw off their disguises, and struggle with the* SENTINEL.—*Cheer.—The* CONTINENTALS *climb up the opposite side, headed by* WASHINGTON.—PRISONERS *rush up from hold.—General fight.—All the British party are overpowered.—Some jump into river.—*HIRAM *fights with* SPROUT *and floors him.—*JUDITH *appears beside him.—A double of* SPROUT *is tied to the mast.—*MRS. PEABODY, PEARL, BRIDGET, *and others, get into boat.—All off the hulk except stuffed figure.—*JUDITH, *who has descended hold, now re-appears with torch, laughs wildly, is taken to boat.—An explosion.—The prison-hulk breaks into fragments.—Red fire, ad. lib.—Music.—Tableau of Joy.*

THE END

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